

Canibus Lyrics

"Post Traumatic Warlab Stress"

(feat. DZK & Warbux)

[Canibus:]

I'm the black mutant of rap music, half human half Vladimir Putin
After plasma transfusion I became Rasputin
The master of translucence who lives in a green house
Creatin' green gas pollution, smokin' hash from hookahs
Before Lucifer sent me back to the future to smash computers
Assassinate classes of students, I spare those who show classic improvement
Produce magik acoustics, supreme music using dreams so lucid
I can visualize my future and chose it, I never abuse it
I'm ruthless but Canibus is super illumine
You know what? I read the blueprint
Sometimes it seems like my eyes are wide shut like Stanley Kubrick
Mic Club the Curriculum II,
I changed the name 'cause I ain't in business no more with you-know-who
He stole from Killah Priest too, his name rhymes with Clue
I found out the same time as you,
You know what happens when you come from dishonest roots
You put roots on me, I put roots on you
"We live in a free country"
That phrase is so fuckin' funny, we know freedom is based off the money
Resources to hide behind lawyers, it must be lovely
When nobody can touch your lunch meat
We brainwashed, we can't get these white collar stains off
Poor Bernard Madoff belongs in the graveyard
The stock market trade off doesn't pay off
We get laid off, the country spirals into chaos
I'm no genius, I know enough not to trust FEMA
Their vaccines give ya eczema of the penis
The Tuskegee Jesus verses a sneaky Tuskegee Demon
What you gon' do when you see this? !
The oldest religions, the coldest magicians
Transmittin' live from Hell with heat stroke symptoms
Symbicort is a success for those short of breath
Got to wait for the next check 'cause I can't afford it yet
DZK come slaughter the set, tell Warbux he got next
Post Traumatic War Lab Stress

[DZK:]

I always open wide like a great white, mouth full of steak knives
Chewin' through the sewer's main line 'til it drain dry
And when you're waist high in waste
I make planned attacks on every last base camp in your wasteland
I scheme for weeks and draft designs on how to craft my rhymes like a mastermind
Whether young or past your prime I'll eat you alive
Ain't no motherfucking reason to try, just die
Hope you're ready to run

I'll cut the tongue out of my son just to stay number one
No one will ever sit on my throne except my clone replica
Who will never be better than what they stole the genetics from
Gangbang, the beats we slang language
Which alleviates your teenage angst and break cages
Now we're runnin' through the streets with our leash off
Eatin' all your stray pets shittin' on your police cars
Cause' I'm a beast dog, you don't want no beef punk
Hit you with a meat log bigger than a tree trunk
I kick the shit that make you pee all in your jeans chump
Clean up after my show better bring a steam pump
I fuckin' breathe funk ain't no fuckin' Tic Tac existing
That's big enough to clean up this act you're trippin'
You cannot begin to comprehend, if you cross me
The position you'll all be in
This isn't battle rap, maggot, this is me with a battle axe
Swingin through your Cadillac imagine that
You fuckin' headless metal wreckage in the shattered glass
I give a fuck about your backpack and faggot ass
Dim those lights I'm kimbo Slice on a mic
But I don't lose none of my big pro fights
I just bruise dudes twice my size and crews move
When I maneuver through 'em smooth they know who's who
I clear the room with a sonic boom and nuclear plume
You should assume I ain't got a lotta provin' to do
I'm bring doom to musicians with a feminine groom
Kanye West, best believe I'm looking at you

[Warbux:]

Call it I'll by design, that's how to define us
Cause in the Warlab with me we got it down to a science
This is underground at it's finest
The most talented rhymers around
Shittin on all of you clowns and cowards who sign us
So go ahead you'll have hell of a time
Tryin' ta find a rapper with lines as compelling as mine
You talking about a fellow with the will to confine himself
To a cellar developing his rhymes for years to stay on his grind
This is Melatonin Magik
You wet behind the ears like playing telephone with faggots
So let em know, they spend an o and cellulose and acid
These heads will roll, we send 'em home in yellow woven baskets
The ninja rap stars just as explodes to the scene
My blades will cut up your back like a rowing machine
It could get ugly if they don't intervene
Cause I could make your life flash before your eyes like I'm throwing it beads
I'm incoherent or so it would seem
No I'm esoteric and don't care if you know what I mean, that's the spirit
Cause it's apparent if you took half of what passes for lyrics and compared them to mine
Hip hop should be fuckin' embarrassed
So did you really want to flow with the gods?
I'm too educated, haters couldn't cope with the odds
See I studied Biggie and Pac, Hova and Nas

Paganini and Bach, Beethoven and Brahms
You are now in the presence of a master musician
I craft my rap with the precision of a mathematician
Or a surgeon, performin' a thoracic incision
A magician escaping out of his shackles in prison
Before you could even finish saying oh my god
I'll spit a motherfuckin' verse to fill your whole ipod
I'm the rip the jacker prodigy
Motivated by the golden age of rap back in the older days
The incredible little fellow with rhythm and timing on instrumentals
The shit I've said in the rhyme could be considered a federal crime
Like blowin off your head with a 9
Anyone with a shred of intelligence could tell it's just ahead of it's time
I'm too sick, ain't even talking about the music
Keep my fuckin' name out of your mouth, need a toothpick?
You a little confused like who's this dude
"This is a W-A-R-B-U-X exclusive"
The underdog, like back in the bible with Noah's arc
To entrusted military titles to Joan of Ark
To Napoleon Bonaparte down to Rosa Parks
And the medics attempting rescue, breathin' on Owen Hart
This fucker 'Bux is the shit
So who really gives a fuck if he's busting a clip
In public drunk in the trunk of your whip
The diabolical, alcoholical, comically pharmaceutically phenominal
Product of poppin' pills
And you are not as I'll, check your doctors bill
I'm more dangerous in the streets than a toxic spill
Yo this is 50 bars of sickness
Consider it a Christmas gift to you 'Bis don't forget this